RUTLAND HERALD.

VOL. XLVII.] PAPERS DELIVERED AT THE BOOK-STORE.----BUSINESS TRANSACTED IN THE OFFICE. [NO. 43.

H. T. WHITE & L. T. GUERNSEY,] TUESDAY. OCTOBER 26. 1841. [PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF THE HERALD.

To village subscribers $2—by mail $2, or $1,75 advance.

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ADVERTISING on the usual liberal terms. As our circulation is large and general throughout the county, merchants, mechanics and all others, will find it to their advantage to resort to this paper.

HOUR OF DEATH.

My Saviour, when the hour shall come,
When flesh must fade, dissolve and die,
Let heavenly sunshine gild the tomb,
While faith shall point me to the sky.

As I lay struggling into rest,
Anxious this dying flesh to drop,
Let not a fear disturb my breast,
Nor sorow dim the light of hope.

Then shall my soul rejoice to rise
In triumph to her native skies.

Extracts from Dr. Dick's Works.

THE SUN.

The magnitude of this vast luminary is an object which overpowers the imagination. Its diameter is 880,000 miles; its circumference, 2,764,600 miles; its surface contains 2,432,800,000,000 of square miles, which is twelve thousand three hundred and fifty times the area of the terraqueous globe, and nearly fifty thousand times the extent of all the habitable parts of the earth. Its solid contents comprehend 356,818,739,-000,000,000, or more than three hundred and fifty-six thousand billions of cubical miles. Were its centre placed over the earth, it would fill the whole orbit of the moon, and reach 200,000 miles beyond it on every hand. Were a person to travel along the surface of the sun, so as to pass along every square mile of its surface, at the rate of thirty miles every day, it would require more than two hundred and twenty millions of years before the survey of this vast globe could be completed. It would contain within its circumference more than thirteen hundred thousand globes of the size of Jupiter, which is the largest planet of the system It is more than five hundred times larger than all the planets, satelites, and comets belonging to our system, vast and extensive as some of them are. Although its density is little more than that of water, it would weigh 3360 planets such as Saturn, 1067 planets such as Jupiter, 320,000 globes such as the earth, and more than *two millions* of globes such as Mercury, although its density is nearly equal to that of lead. Were we to conceive of its surface being peopled with inhabitants at the rate formerly stated, it would contain 681,184,-000,000,000, or more than six hundred and eighty billions, which would be equal to the inhabitants of *eight hundred and fifty thousand worlds* such as ours.

Of a globe so vast in its dimensions, the human mind, with all its efforts, can form no adequate conception. If it is impossible for the mind to take in the whole range of the terraqueous globe, and to form a comprehensive idea of its amplitude and its innumerable objects, how can we ever form a conception approaching to the reality, of a body one million three hundred thousand times greater! We may express its magnitude in words, but in the present state of our limited powers we can form no mental image or representation of an object so stupendous and sublime. Chained down to our terrestrial mansion, we are deprived of a sufficient range of prospect, so as to form a substratum to our thoughts, when we attempt to form conceptions of such amazing magnitudes. The imagination is overpowered and bewildered in its boldest efforts, and drops its wing before it has realized the ten-thousandth part of the idea which it attempted to grasp.—It is not improbable that the largest ideas we have yet acquired or can represent to our minds of the immensity of the universe are inferior to a *full and comprehensive idea* of the vast globe of the sun in all its connexions and dimensions; and, therefore, not only must the powers of the human mind be invigorated and expanded, but also the limits of our intellectual and corporeal vision must be indefinitely extended, before we can grasp the objects of overpowering grandeur which exist within the range of creation, and take an enlightened and comprehensive view of the great Creator's empire. And as such endowments cannot be attained in the present state, this very circumstance forms a presumptive argument that man is destined to an immortal existence, where his faculties will be enlarged and the boundaries of his vision extended, so as to enable him to take a large and comprehensive view of the wonders of the universe, and the range of the Divine government. In the mean time, however, it may be useful to allow our thoughts to expatiate on such objects, and to endeavor to form as comprehensive an idea as possible of such a stupendous luminary as the sun, in order to assist us in forming conceptions of objects still more grand and magnificent, for the sun which enlightens our day is but one out of countless millions of similar globes dispersed throughout creation, some of which may far excel in magnitude and glory.

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

The temper is oftener ruffled by slight provocations than by great and serious injuries. It is in *small things* that brotherly kindness and charity consist. Little attentions, trifling but perpetual acts of self-denial; a minute consultation of the wants and wishes, tastes and tempers of other; an almost imperceptible delicacy in avoiding what will give pain; these are the small things which diffuse peace and love wherever they are excited, and which outweigh a thousand acts of showy heroism.—*Jane Taylor.*

POPULAR READINGS.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall call to Heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee."
Rowe.

'Get me,' said I again, for about the hundredth time, to my still wondering footman, 'change for this five pound note, all in silver; and mind, Thomas, as many sixpences as you can with it.'

'Yes, sir.'

'What can master possibly want with so much silver? Always on a Saturday night too! I heard him say to Martha, my pretty house maid twirling the note between his thumb and finger while I was slipping on my new India rubber goloshes, ready to sally forth.'

'No good, depend on it!' she rejoined, 'going out, let the weather be what it will, and tramping in the rain and mud. I should just like to watch him, the old sinner!'

So invariably do the ignorant and narrow-minded judge of any thing the least mysterious in our actions by the worst possible standard, *vice*—as if virtue never sought the veil of secresy for its outgoing!

Martha had no idea that anything but wickedness, or '*no good*,' as she emphatically called it, could take me from my comfortable fireside and book, to brave the inclemency of the season; 'at my age too! verging on seventy; old enough to know better,' thought Martha—most certainly, had my motives for these almost nocturnal rambles been any other than the purest, the most charitable. I saw by the significant shake of Thomas's head, that Martha's shrewd and ill-natured conjectures found a ready echo in his bosom.

I was undoubtedly the richest old bachelor in the large and populous market town of D—— in the south of England, and am not ashamed to confess, my wealth was chiefly made in business.

I was considered rather mean by some of my acquaintance, who ostentatiously paraded their names, and a few guineas together, as annual subscribers to every public institution in the place. But while 'George Frederick Thompson Esquire,' was blazoned forth in all the glory of English type, for two guineas; a friend, for ten, might be seen in modest brevier! In truth my sole delight now was to 'do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.'

Why I was a bachelor, with a heart so warmly alive as mine was, even at that frigid period of life, to every tender and generous sentiment, was owing alas! to the early blight of an affection which cost me twenty years of grief and sorrow, and which I cannot even think of now without the bitterest tear of regret, shed with all the poignancy of youthful feelings.

I had for years, winter and summer made it a point to attend our large meat market of a Saturday night with such a supply of loose silver in my pocket as should preclude the possibility of that cold and heartless excuse—'I really would, but I have no change,' for so transient is the glow of benevolence sometimes, as actually to be extinguished at the bare idea of the trouble of changing money—(yet what a sickness of the soul do these few a'most unheeded words cost the forlorn being who implores our aid.) Then as I sauntered leisurely up and down before the tempting stalls, illuminated by the strong and vivid light of the gas lamps, I could mark the countenances of the different purchasers—observe the wishful gaze of the poverty pinched mother, bargaining for that breast of mutton 'which would make her seven famished darlings such a delicious Sunday dinner,'—see her lips quiver with hope and fear as she enquired the price, and detect the nervousness of her grasp as she tremblingly and hesitatingly turned over and over again the delicate morsel. She evidently, methought, belonged to that truly deserving and industrious class called charwomen—out all the week working like a slave to procure a few comforts for the Sabbath, to enjoy at least one day out of the weary seven with her children and husband, a bricklayer's laborer, perhaps thoughtless and improvident, spending nearly all his scanty wages in beer and tobacco; 'still he was her husband—the father of her children—the handsome Richard of her early love, almost as handsome now, and it was no hardship to toil for creatures so precious to her heart.'

At the moment she was convinced it was indeed beyond her small means, and she was turning hopelessly away to seek a less dainty and cheaper bit, out came the additional sixpence or shilling, as might be, to complete the necessary purchase; and the meat was in her basket, and the tear of gratitude in her eye. 'Go!' I whispered, slipping two more shillings into her hand, 'and buy a little nice tea and sugar—I am sure you like it.'

I waited for no thanks from the wondering woman; I had no desire to be assured 'I was an angel of goodness.' I knew I was but a frail and erring mortal and was content to be blessed in her prayers, aiming only to exemplify the poet's description of a truly charitable man,

"I mean the man who, when the distant poor,
Need help, denies them nothing but his name."

I will candidly confess, that when I first commenced these perambulations, I had no fixed purpose of benefiting my suffering fellow-creatures; I was influenced more by a wish to divert myself from the solitude and anguish of my own thoughts, blended with a vague sort of benevolence; but when, after a little time, I perceived the real good I was able to effect, at the smallest possible sacrifice of trouble and money, the numberless hearts I gladdened, and the firesides I made cheerful and happy, it became the active principle of my life, and a rich and abundant harvest did I reap for my labors in the sweet and tranquil reflections of a self-approving conscience. The ameliorating hand of charity plucked the thorn from my midnight pillow; and soothed the bitterness of my care-worn existence.

One evening I was particularly struck with a young and rather genteel looking girl, inquiring most earnestly 'for a nice delicate sweet bread.' She could not be more than sixteen, and in the broad glare of the flaming gas I saw she was exquisitely fair and beautiful. The eagerness of her manner, and the evident superiority of rank over the generality of persons who frequented the stalls at that late hour had an unfavorable effect on the young butchers to whom she applied, and many was the rude and heartless jest she had to endure from them. Still she went from stall to stall, with a degree of undaunted perseverance which would have awakened a feeling of disgust in my own bosom for conduct so unfeminine, had I not observed that she frequently and furtively dried a tear with the tattered remains of a once costly foreign shawl.

'She is no imposter!' I mentally ejaculated, feeling my own eye become suddenly dimmed by a tear or two. 'That is the tear of modest misery. The hardened in deception would too gladly parade its grief to excite commiseration and pity.' I followed her like a shadow, as her slight agile figure flitted almost noiselessly from place to place, with the most intense interest and curiosity. At last she came to a stall containing almost every joint of veal, and I saw her eyes sparkle with renovated hope as she exclaimed breathlessly, 'Have you the sweet bread, sir?'

'How much will you give for it, miss?'

'How much do you ask?'

'Five shillings. Will you give that?'

'O, most gladly! if you will trust me part?'

The man's brutal laugh literally rang thro' the wide square, as he replied, 'Come, that's capital!' then adding, with a piece of popular slang, too vulgar to repeat, and which, happily, she could not possibly understand. 'No, miss, I can't give no trust—you look too suspicious for me.'

'Why are you anxious to procure a sweet bread?' said I, gently touching her shoulder as she yet lingered there, as if every faculty was annihilated by this last severe disappointment.

She started with a degree of resentment in her countenance at the liberty; but seeing only an old man, she replied mildly, 'O, sir! it is for a dying sister—my only friend! She has not tasted anything solid for the last fortnight, and to-day, while I sat by her as she slept, she was dreaming of a sweet bread, and spoke in her slumber of the good she was sure it would do her. I should have been here long before, but was obliged to finish some needle work to obtain money enough to pay for it; and now they are all gone.'

It is impossible to convey an idea to my readers of the thrilling mournfulness of tone in which she pronounced these last words.—Her very heart seemed riven in twain with anguish at her utter want of success.

'You shall have a sweet bread,' said I tenderly, 'for your dying sister, and every other comfort that can alleviate her sufferings for the sake of the virtuous and holy affection you have evinced for her this night.'

The astonished girl, in the first bewilderment of delight, at having so unexpectedly found a friend in her sore distress, seized my hand with the spontaneous movement of pure gratitude, and held it clasped firmly between her own, which trembled with emotion, but she was unable to articulate a word of thanks.

'Come,' I continued, leading her towards my own house, 'you need not fear an old man—my grey hairs shall be your security.'

On her way she told me her little history, unwished and unsolicited on my part, for I was predetermined to relieve her; but there is a proneness to candor and confidence in youth, which shews the heart is unsophisticated and the bosom untainted by the world's vices.

She was no high-born dame, reduced by adverse fate to sudden want and misery to make an interesting heroine in a fictitious story, but the daughter of a lieutenant in the navy only, who having perished for his country, had left herself and sister, now dying of a consumption, to struggle as they best could in a pitiless world; their mother having died of the same fatal complaint some years before her gallant husband.

On reaching home with my fair, but certainly rather doubtful looking companion, Mr. Thomas opened his eyes to their very utmost extent.

'Tell Mrs. Williams,' said I, assuming a tone of unusual authority, the more effectually to repress his rising curiosity, 'to pack up that sweet bread I had ordered for my supper; some tea and sugar, a bottle of sherry, a little arrow-root, and anything else she may think useful to a sick lady—and make haste.'

Thomas vanished without uttering one word—not even his customary 'yes, sir,'—and soon returned, bearing a basket of goodly dimensions quite filled, followed by Mrs. Williams, Martha, and the kitchen maid, at a more humble distance evidently all bursting with almost irrepressible curiosity to see that extraordinary being Thomas had informed them master had brought home with him.

It is no consequence how dishevelled or disarranged the hair is in youth, the face from beneath it always looks lovely.

Clara Graham's, the name of my new acquaintance, retained only the least possible wave, owing to the extreme dampness of the atmosphere; but it was luxuriant beyond what I had ever before seen, of a rich light auburn. She sat without a bonnet, having taken it off to dry, by my desire, enjoying a biscuit and a glass of wine, perfectly unconscious of the ill-natured surmises her unexpected appearance had awakened in the bosoms of my jealous domestics, for an old bachelor's are invariably so. O! nothing is so winning, so beautiful, as that innate conviction of innocence which never suspects, nor thinks itself suspected.—Suspicion and liberality are the offspring of guilt, begetting in their turn that base desire to depreciate virtue, and bring it down to a level with its own fallen and degraded state.

The decorous house-keeper looked daggers at her and myself too, while she enumerated the articles she had 'condescended to pack up for such trumpery,' and I read the words 'good for nothing baggage' in Martha's bright eye as plain as eye could speak, while Thomas's expressed all too clearly, 'what an old profligate.'

Seeing me on the move, he said in his most obsequious tone, 'shall I not carry the basket for the young lady, sir? It is very heavy.' He knew that was the most effectual means of fathoming the mystery.

'No—I shall carry it myself for her.'

'You, sir!'

'Yes, I. Come, my dear!' and away we both walked, or I rather tottering under my enormous load. I could fancy the 'O mys!' and the 'Wells I never!' of the disconcerted group who led us in silent astonishment.

Clara lived in an obscure street, not far from my own residence, and I could not help feeling a sort of reproach at such virtue and misery struggling unknown and unpitied so near me. Her sister, a poor emanciated thing, was awake on our arrival. She hardly noticed the presence of a stranger, being too feeble to feel any excitement of passing events, but she said in the kindest manner to my companion, 'Dear Clara, I began to think you long; the fire grew low, and I was so cold!'

This drew my attention to the fire, which was nearly out, and which Clara began busily to endeavor to re-kindle.

'Where is your domestic, my love?' said I to her.

'We have not kept one for a long time,' she replied: 'I do all for poor Gertrude; she gives no trouble, and besides, servants are expensive, sir.'

'What!' I exclaimed, in inexpressible astonishment, 'you work at your needle like a slave, nurse your poor, helpless, sick sister, and attend to the household affairs too!—a mere child like you! Good heavens! it is not to be thought of.'

Late as it was, I took my hat and hurried off to my own favorite surgeon, whom I fortunately found at home and at leisure to attend me. I begged him, in the first place, to recommend a nice intelligent woman as a nurse, which he did at the moment, and in the next, to return with me to the house of the poor neglected invalid.

On examining her symptoms, I was delighted to find that her complaint was not considered by him as consumptive, but an obstinate attack of the liver, brought on by sedentary mode of life and low improper diet. And it is astonishing how much they resemble each other in appearance. The same dry cough, the same wasted and emanciated frame, and the same aches and pains over the languid and enfeebled body. He soon took his departure, to order the necessary medicines for her, cautioning the weeping Clara not too noisily to express her joy at the prospect of her sister's recovery, as rest and tranquility were absolutely necessary to second his endeavors.

The nurse soon after arriving, a comfortable motherly looking sort of a woman, after suitable instruction to her to take every care of the young ladies, and to spare nothing which she thought might conduce to the comfort of her suffering charge, I took leave of the grateful Clara, and hastened home fatigued to death, but most supremely happy.

In a few weeks, Mr Wentworth had the satisfaction of restoring his interesting patient to a state of convalescence. She was not so beautiful as Clara, but much more companionable, possessing a mind stored with the most useful and varied information, great conversational powers, and such a deep and enduring sense of religion, that it was impossible to listen to her without becoming wiser and better, feeling forcibly as I gazed on her young pale face, truly Lord, 'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.'

I visited them daily, strictly forbidding Clara on pain of my displeasure, to set a stitch except for the adornment of her own pretty person, which seemed indeed to be 'a labor of love,' for never before had I seen such frilling and flouncing.

It is astonishing how affliction had subdued the buoyancy of her spirits, which now rose above the unnatural pressure, with a elasti- ty and joyousness truly enchanting; she was in fact, a complete personification of youth and gladness. Some may admire the premature thoughtfulness which sorrow begets, but that can only be from a want of due reflection, for it is no more than natural to think the sweet laughing face looks best when shaded by grief, than consider the sun appears to most advantage when overshadowed by dark and sullen clouds. No, no; youth is the season for joy and mirthfulness, and age for reflection and care.

I confess, at the end of three months of daily and uninterrupted intercourse, in which my affection and admiration hourly increased for them both, I began to feel their society was absolutely essential to my comfort and happiness, and am convinced from what I saw of her disposition, that had I been selfish enough to have demanded such a sacrifice, the grateful Gertrude would willingly have become my wife, to repay the deep debt she felt she owed me;—but no; I wished to be a friend, a father to them both, and not to make either pay so fearfully for the good I had done. I was determined to accomplish the object now nearest my heart in a more satisfactory manner to my own conscience and the true happiness of the dear girls; I therefore took an early opportunity of entering into a full explanation about the peculiarly delicate and unprotected state of the fair orphans, with my discreet house-keeper, Mrs. Williams, expatiating largely on their amiable qualities and gentleness of manner, but was most guarded in my commendations of their personal charms; beauty in the eyes of females of 'a certain age,' being considered almost a crime: and I concluded by expressing a wish to have them placed immediately under her protection—I dared not say my own. She was gratified and flattered by the well-timed compliment, and graciously consented to receive the young ladies, 'poor things,' and do her best to make them comfortable and happy.

I piously believed her, for she was a thoroughly benevolent hearted woman, although strictly of the 'old school,' that is, she had not learned to defy all morality and decency, but thought it still necessary to sacrifice something to appearances. The moment, however, you convinced her of the purity of the motive by which you were actuated, her zeal knew no bounds; she entered her heart and soul into the affair, and with all a woman's tenderness and tact, devised and invented a thousand plans to improve on the crudeness of one's own benevolence.

I departed with the alacrity of a boy to impart the pleasing negotiation to the dear girls, taking care to order dinner for three, and particularly mentioned a 'sweet bread' as one of the side dishes.

Clara was in ecstacies at the proposal, but Gertrude received it with more reserve and caution, evidently weighing the consequences of such a step in all their bearings—the world's censure, the possibility of my repenting such generosity, and the misery of resuming poverty after tasting such luxury.

I read these painful and conflicting sentiments on her varied and ingenuous countenance which was a mirror of truth and candor. My advanced age completely banished the first objection. My assurance that she was necessary to my comfort, the second. And she was completely conquered, when, taking her hand, I said

'Go or stay, my dear children, as you please; your decision will make no difference in my final arrangements respecting you both, as I intend leaving all I possess equally between you at my death, having no relations to injure by so doing, and knowing no human beings more deserving—and I humbly bless God for living long enough to be so useful at least—only you might, Miss Graham, had you felt so disposed, have made the short remnant of an old man's existence serene and happy.

It was the first time I had ever used the formality of addressing her—as Miss Graham: she exclaimed, 'My dear, kind benefactor, forgive my cold calculations, but it was more for Clara's sake than my own that I hesitated.—She is so young and beautiful, that if I can only keep her fair fame untarnished, she must settle fortunately in life. O dear sir, that has been the sole hope of my heart for years, now more than ever strengthened for I shall never, never marry now.'

A younger and vainer man than myself would have been apt to apply the conclusion of this speech most to the satisfaction of his self love; in fact, I knew, from Gertrude's peculiar tone and manner, but too well what it meant, but having gained my point exactly as I wished, I affected the most profound ignorance as to what caused her, a young and pretty woman, to make so strange a resolution.

Nothing could exceed the exertions of the good Mrs. Williams during my absence, nor the cordiality of her welcome to the 'sweet young ladies,' and never did three happier persons sit down to dinner together. No longer was I compelled, by dire necessity, to linger out my solitary and unsocial meal, for the sake of deferring that period when, left entirely alone for the evening, I must turn to a book, whether so inclined or no, to steal me from the oppressive sense of my own loneliness.

Gertrude's painful remembrances of the past, and Clara's joyous and sanguine anticipations of the future, kept up a pleasing and varied conversation to a very protracted hour, alternating from melancholy to gladness, as all in life should be, that we may neither be too much depressed by the one, nor elated by the